



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).



THE SECRET HISTORY of  
the RESCUE of the DUCH-  
ESS de DRAGONFLIES, &&  
EXTRACTED from the UN-  
PUBLISHED MEMOIRS of  
Sir JOHN BEETLEBACK,  
Late CHANCELOR to Their  
MAJESTIES. && Here Writ  
Down by TUDOR JENKS. &



f the high and  
mighty doings  
chronicled in  
this reign few  
there be that  
smack of hero-  
hood more fla-  
vorously than the rescuing of  
the Duchess de Dragonflies, in  
ever-memory of which does our  
present sovereign, once Prince  
Junebug, bear upon his arms,  
gules, three dragonflies dis-  
played.

While I enjoyed the confi-  
dence of their serene maj-  
esties, honor forbade that I  
should set forth at large the  
true inwards of this so-called  
"rescue," forsooth; but now  
that I be in exile, denied even  
the poor privilege of mingling  
my dust with that of my kin,  
naught hinders me from re-  
counting this doughty deed of  
arms nor of depicting with  
what skill and address the re-  
capture of the Duchess was  
effected, and to whom her res-  
toration was in truth owing.

Be it known, then, that the  
Baron Spiderlegs had long  
sorely coveted the broad estates  
of the Dragonflies; but dared  
not make move to obtain them  
so long as the Duke held sway.  
But when his Grace had set  
forth for the Holy Land—  
whence all know he never re-  
turned—the Baron laid a  
crafty snare wherein he hoped  
to take the young Duchess.

In this wise did he devise:  
Knowing full well that the  
Duchess yearned for fair flow-  
ers, and counted no hardships  
too grievous that gained a new  
blossom for her houses of crys-  
tal, he did craftily contrive to  
besprinkle her Grace's daily  
walk with strange and curious  
flowers, the which were set in  
place by a certain Asiatic gar-  
dener, sent by night from the  
Baron's castle for the doing of  
this very thing.

Now these same blossoms  
did seem to grow more  
beautiful and rare day by day,  
and in degree that they were  
further afield from the palace  
of the Duchess and nearer to  
the Baron's castle. And yet,  
such was the guile of the Baron  
Spiderlegs, the Duchess could  
never by any chance come upon  
these same dainties of the  
woods save when alone or ac-  
companied only by her maids  
or



THE BARON SPIDERLEGS COVETS THE  
BROAD ESTATES OF THE DRAGONFLIES.



## The Secret History of the Rescue of the Duchess De Dragonflies.

or tiring women. A marvel indeed would this have been, were it not for the agency of the said Asiatic varlet, who, lurking craftily in the hidden nooks, would take up all he had so laboriously planted, if so much as a single man-at-arms were in the Duchess's train.

So it came about that one day as the Duchess de Dragonflies bent to pluck a blind gentian, a great cloth-web of silken stuff was dropped upon her, she was lifted to the back of a black charger and whisked away to the Baron's Castle without time to call upon the good saints for aid.

One of her maidens was similarly entrapped, but another—a great, strapping, long-legged jade—dealt her adversary a buffet that turned his heels to heaven, and then ran off at such speed that there was no coming up with her. So, sending after the flying figure a cross-bolt ill-aimed and a hearty malison that went no doubt as wide of the mark, the Baron's fellows returned to their master.

The escape of this vixen had like to have made sixes and sevens of the Baron's plotting; for he had fondly hoped that time and a soldier's wooing would have won the hand and land of the Duchess, provided only that no hue and cry should raise the countryside, and thus wrest his prize from him. But now, since a woman's tongue would be ringing the alarm, he could but hope for brief re-

spite before every keen young lance in the kingdom would be bearing its pennon toward his castle walls; and he therefore must take the shortest way to gain the Duchess's consent to wed him. Whereupon he caused her to be conveyed into a strong tower, and, locking her therein, sent word to them that nothing but cold water should pass their lips until he and the Duchess should eat their wedding breakfast together.

The Duchess, having dined sumptuously just before her kidnapping, and having never known the pangs of hunger, returned a defiance to the Baron, and set herself doughtily to comfort her maiden.

Meanwhile Dame Daddylong-legs had out yelled the town crier in her calls for "Justice, Rescue," and the like, so that it was a good half hour ere the Duchess's folk could come at the meaning of her caterwaulings. But by dint of pungent salts and much questioning, they at last came at the truth of the matter, and straightway despatched one to the King to lay a complaint before him—at which season did I first hear of the coil.

No sooner was the tale of the messenger delivered, than up sprung our young Prince Junebug, whose spurs of knight-hood had been but a scant month at his heels, and he did claim the emprise, saying:

"In sooth, this seems a right dastard deed!—and most fitting that it should be undertaken

## The Secret History of the Rescue of the Duchess De Dragonflies.

taken by no mean knight. Duchess de Dragonflies, you say? A most noble dame, and of goodly estate. What say you, royal father? Shall I not imbrue my unfleshed lance in the heart's blood of this betrayer of fair ladies? Grant me this boon, O King and father!"

**T**he king tugged at his beard for a space, and shot a glance at me. fain would he have sent some grizzled Captain fit to cope with the sly old Baron; but the courtiers all acclaimed the courage of Prince Junebug, and the King liked not to say him nay. So, though I averted my head and softly hummed a few bars of an old stave, the King gave his assent, and soon the Prince, armed cap-a-pie, rode forth single-handed to deliver the Duchess de Dragonflies.

**I**t was from the Baron that I had the story of the Prince's adventure; but it shall be given as it happened, though learned later.

**T**he Prince rode straight toward the Baron's castle, with such rattling and clattering of armor as gave advisement of his approach for a good mile. And a warden upon the castle walls carried to the Baron in the great hall tidings that a knight in full armor was galloping toward the drawbridge, bearing a green pennon. By this color the Baron knew that the Prince was the rescuer, and at once decided upon a cunning deception.

**T**he Baron summoned his Asiatic familiar—the same that

had prepared the flower-bait for his fair prisoner—and carefully instructed him in the part he was to play. In a brief space, the Asiatic was apparelled in a quaint gipsy-like robe, and presented the semblance of an ancient dame, such as might be met gathering simples by the roadside. Leaving the castle by a small postern, the Asiatic made haste to the front of the castle, and was in good time to meet the young Prince just at the drawbridge.

**T**hen taking on a most doleful whine, the pretended old woman besought the Prince for a dole. Prince Junebug was for passing on, having small charity for the poor, when the Asiatic assailed him thus:

**"B**ethink thee well, Sir Knight, ere thou dost repulse me. It hath oft been that a brave knight found profit in an amulet or talisman though bestowed by a hand no less wrinkled and skinny than mine!"

**W**hereat the Prince, whose lore was that of his nurse, scraps of fairy tales, and old wives' legends, and whose heart had begun to thump loudly at sight of the strong castle walls, fumbled in his purse and at length flung a coin to the beldam; but with ill-grace and grudgingly.

**Y**et did the pretended hag feign overweening gratitude, and with high-sounding words thus held forth:

**"P**rince Junebug, rejoice! for know that I am the powerful witch folderol; and hadst thou



THE WITCH FOLDEROL GOES FORTH TO  
MEET THE YOUNG PRINCE JUNEBUG.





PRINCE JUNEBUG RIDES FORTH TO DELIVER THE DUCHESS DE DRAGONFLIES.

thou refused me thy guerdon, thou wouldst not only have failed in thy endeavor to rescue the Duchess de Dragonflies, but wouldst have perished at the hand of yon scoundrel Baron. But now, rejoice, I say!—for behold I give thee—” and the false witch stooped and plucked a leaf of common pigweed or some such litter—“I give thee this magic plant. Thrust it within thy left gauntlet, and thou wilt be invisible; also, all doors will fly open at thy word. Now list to my screed.”

Then did that fool-prince alight and hearken to the Asiatic, who verily stuffed him with wind, and then departed—to reenter the postern, and acquaint the baron with all that had passed.

Relying upon his talisman of pigweed, Prince Junebug rode boldly across the drawbridge, and cried “Open!” before the portcullis. It rose at his word, and he was assured thereby that the “Witch folderol” had spoken sooth. On went the Prince, as she had directed him, and behold!—all doors flew wide at his behest, and no one of the Baron’s men marked him—for the Baron would else have slit their ears.

Secure in his invisibility and the possession of his talisman, the Prince passed through the hall, down a corridor, descended a set of stairs, and entered a certain dungeon where he had been told to await the Witch folderol.

No sooner was his popinjay securely trapped than the Baron caused the door to be closed and locked, leaving the young Prince Junebug to his reflections upon the strange outcome of his adventure.

So fared it with the puissant Prince Junebug, when he rode forth to rescue the Duchess de Dragonflies from Baron Spiderlegs.

Now three days passed, and no tidings came of the Prince. The king, his father, on the first day could not remain at table for his dessert; on the second, touched but the soup; and on the third, let no food pass his lips. Instead of dinner, the king sought counsel with me—High Chancellor John Beetleback.

“What has become,” quoth he, “of that donkey of a boy?”—for the king did use no ceremony with me.

“The Baron Spiderlegs has e’en gobbled him up,” was my reply.

“Ospillikins!” broke out the king—’twas his favored oath—“if so, and the Court Journals get wind of it, Junebug will never reign!”

I drummed with my nails upon the table, but gave no tongue; for the king’s thought was my own.

“Beetleback,” said his Majesty, after a moment, “you are the prop of our throne!”

“Ah sire!” I responded; I have ever found it a safe phrase.

“Yes,





NOW THREE DAYS PASSED AND YET NO  
TIDINGS CAME OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.

"Yes, Beetleback," my royal master went on, "were the green ribbon of St. fad aught to you—and a pension—it were yours and if you could set right this mess in which our idiot son is e'en now—What say you?"

"Baron Spiderlegs," quoth I, "would be a valuable ally. His support to the throne would profit your son. As to the Duchess de Dragonflies,—who knows?—it may be her maiden fancy will incline toward the Baron; if there be no hot-headed knight errantry to interfere."

"Beetleback," broke in the monarch, "the Baron may fricassee the Duchess, the Duke and all their kith and kin, provided you can bring back our chuckle-headed son and heir with a whole skin!"

Mounting an ambling palfrey, I betook me to the Baron's castle, and my request for a parley was at once acceded to. We held converse through the bars of the portcullis.

In brief, I stipulated for the Prince with skull uncracked; he for the king's blessing upon his union with the Duchess—"who," he added, "has ordered stewed leverets with wine-sauce for the wedding breakfast."

The pact was made.

The Prince and I rode back to the capital, surrounded by maidens throwing garlands of flowers, and hailing him as the rescuer of the distressed.

The Duchess retired to her own palace, and busied herself over her trousseau, sending impudent cartels to her impatient bridegroom—to whom, however, she was soon happily wedded.

And thus was the Duchess rescued. To which plain unvarnished tale, I pledge the faith of one who in exile and old age writes without fear or favor of monarch or man.

Verily—such is the valor of Princes, and the fact that underlies the fairy tale.

## WRITTEN ON HEARING HANDEL'S CREATION.

Clarence Hawkes.

Out on the hush steal little waves of sound,  
Jagged and broken, sad and incomplete;  
And faintest melodies not grand or sweet,  
But full of doubt, with minor chords around.  
Then on the air there floats a deeper sound,  
And flows the harmony in surer beat;  
But like poor human lives when half complete  
It dies and chaos reigns. Again 'tis found.  
Now rise the strains to an elysian height  
Cleaving to form and harmony and law,  
Rushing through years and aeons as a day,  
It dies, again is found, "Let there be light."  
Loud swell the strains as hammer beats of Thor  
And on creation smiles the infant day.